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"WHEN
GREEK
MEETS GREEK."

(Photo © by International News Service.)

Two Little
Patriots of
Piraeus Who Greeted
Sir Thomas Lipton on
His Way to Serbia.

THE WAR AT CLOSE QUARTERS

AS to Germany's all-important food question, that has received attention from many quarters, both practical and theoretical, from hearsay and from personal observation. The recently published report of German economists tends to show that there is neither a near nor a remote danger of a famine—provided, of course, that the Government's supervision of food be maintained and the co-operation of the public be preserved. Correspondents of American papers in Germany seem to confirm the scientific opinion. At the same time a strong side light has been cast on the subject through home letters which were found on the German prisoners taken a month ago at Neuve Chapelle. The fond Saxon parent, however, who writes from Magdeburg makes no mention of food shortage, but as the letter is unique on this point, it is worth reproducing. It bears the date of Feb. 28 and runs:

"Several battalions of suffragettes have landed at Havre. There are five hundred women in each battalion. I want to warn you to be very careful when you meet them. Don't let them scratch out your eyes, and, above all, don't let them capture you."

"Leipsic (Saxony), Feb. 24.—Last week they distributed bread tickets to each family. I receive three pounds of bread for twelve cents and Else gets two pounds for eight cents. This bread went like anything. My bread was all gone by Thursday, and I had no bread for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and they only gave me more on Tuesday. Potatoes which used to be two cents went up to seven cents, and now they are sixteen cents. It is a fearful increase."

"March 2, 1915.—Here in Radewisch (Brandenburg) things look very bad, almost as if we had the war in our own town. But only the poor feel it; things are not arranged as they should be. However, the rich are getting the same amount of bread as the poor, four pounds a week, and often it does not look like bread. The rich buy the meat even if it costs three marks (seventy-five cents); they can buy it; they buy everything."



Hide and Seek in the Air.

AN officer serving with the British Royal Flying Corps has sent to his father in England the chronicle of his exploits in March. The following extracts show that the flying men have now become quite as phlegmatic as the men in the trenches, and that their adventures are all in the day's work.

"One day a German *taube* approached the lines flying high. It was merely chased back.

"Another day, where there was a strong west wind blowing, I had a near shave of not being able to get home. We knew the wind was about as strong as we could manage, and we hovered about a long time before we settled to go over. For nearly a quarter of an hour we made no headway at all.

"Then the pilot put the nose of the machine down, and we came down to 3,000 feet, and were able to make headway. But it would have been madness to go over the trenches at that height, making hardly any headway at all, so we climbed up

again before we got to the trenches. Meanwhile there was a big storm cloud, which I could see coming up from the west, and it was an exciting race.

"When we were almost virtually over the trenches a bullet came through the bottom of the machine, through my puttee and leather coat, and out through the top plane. Next moment the clouds swept down on us. The pilot went straight down and we roared through the cloud. I hadn't the slightest idea whether we were going straight or turning round, but when we emerged at about eight hundred feet we saw we were comfortably this side of the trenches, and we got home safely. We had only 10 minutes' petrol left, so we were lucky."



Work of the Surgeon.

ALTHOUGH the story of how the British bombarded and then carried the trenches at Neuve Chapelle (March 10-13) has been told by both the victors and the vanquished, here is an intimate view from a letter written by a doctor with the Royal Ambulance Corps:

"Life has been absolute hell; there is no other word for it. My dates may be shaky, as I lost count of everything, but on the night of the 9th I was sent to an advanced dressing post half a mile behind the trenches to be ready for the attack next day. At 7 A. M. on the 10th our guns opened fire, straight over our heads, and for an hour you could not hear a word spoken. * * *

"Getting the wounded away was the worst. I had only four stretcher-bearers out of sixteen, and only two stretchers; and the shell fire was so great that it was impossible to carry them to the ambulance a mile and a half away, so we had to manage as best we could in Neuve Chapelle for nearly thirty-six hours, where there is literally not a roof left."

Another doctor's letter comes from that region in the Woevre where in early April the French began an active offensive against the German wedge which was dropped down in November between the French barrier line of forts extending along the right bank of the Meuse from Verdun to Toul:

"It was not safe to budge till about 5 P. M., as the firing was incessant, but then it slacked off as dusk came on, and finally ceased. Then the moon rose and the stretcher-bearers came up with their loads. The sight was a weird one.

"In the clearing were officers and soldiers of all sorts, and among the trees about one hundred cuirassiers mounted or standing by their horses. I got the cars up one at a time, and loaded up and sent them to wait a little distance off till all were ready. The Medecin Major would occasionally after a brief businesslike scrutiny give orders for a stretcher to be moved aside under the trees—the death warrant for its wretched occupant. Some did not seem to be in any great pain, but this was sometimes a bad sign. One poor fellow smiled as I passed and said 'Anglais—Ami,' and was very grateful for a mouthful of warm wine, but he was evidently failing, and before dawn he too joined the little band beneath the pine trees."

Dummy Sentries.

HERE are two episodes in regard to dummy sentries, the danger of which has been a matter of warning by British commanders at the front. In the first—the experience of one "Tit Willow," related in a French field hospital—the dummy turned out to be alive. In the second, related by Albert Moore of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, it was the other way. Tit, who could "hit the trade mark on a bottle of Bass at six hundred," was perched in a tree and thought he saw the Germans fixing up a dummy sentry just below him. Unmindful of the warning against dummies, he dropped and tackled, —a live man.

"What happened next I don't quite remember. But when I came to there seemed to be nothin' but Germans round and me winded and half dazed. The beggar I'd squashed must have been the first of 'em, and not one of his pals had noticed me.

"I nipped behind quick, picked up my rifle, and let fly for all I was worth, hollering, too, like blazes to let 'em know behind what was up. The Germans got cold feet, for our boys tumbled to it quick, and you couldn't hear yourself think for the row they kicked up. I was in the worst hole of the lot—between two fires—and though I hollered until I was hoarse it wasn't no good. I was doing the snake act in the last hundred when they potted me in the heel—a revolver shot from one of our own subs, as it so happened. And then they tumbled to it * * * and here I am, wearing a carpet slipper with a purple heart knitted on a yellow ground—"

The adventure of Private Moore was perhaps less dramatic. It was more tragic, however, for today the victim is sightless:

"We lay quiet for some minutes and thought we should like to bring him in a prisoner. Then—in a whisper, I said, 'You lie here and keep his attention drawn, and I will get away on the right and stab him from the rear.'

"I crawled straight up to it and signaled to the officer to come up. He said, 'You had better shove the thing over so that they can know a dummy has not frightened us.' I gave it a push and heard something like the noise made by a clock half run down. I said, 'Put your head down, sir; it has very likely got something inside which might explode.' I gave the dummy another shove, and at once the thing went off.

"The dummy and I shot right up into the air, and as I came down I burst into flames all over. The stuff inside it seemed to be some sticky material; it clung to me like treacle. I was in terrible agonies.

"After a time I felt something jerk me, and that brought me to my senses. I said, 'Who's there?' It was the officer. He tried to carry me, but after going about six yards over we both went, and that gave me another terrible shaking up. He got hold of me again and picked me up. I clung on to him and by some means I managed to walk as far as the open road, where we came across a listening patrol, and then, finding myself back in safety, I collapsed."

STRICKEN SERBIA CALLS FOR AMERICAN AID



THE AMERICAN RED CROSS SANITARY COMMISSION THAT RECENTLY SAILED TO SERBIA.
The Group Includes (Left to Right) Dr. A. W. Sellards, Dr. G. C. Shattuck, Mr. W. S. Standifer, Dr. F. B. Grinnell, Mr. L. de la Pena, Dr. H. Zinsser, Dr. T. W. Jackson, Mr. H. D. Brink, and Dr. B. W. Caldwell.

(Photo by Underwood & Underwood.)



GENERAL WILLIAM C. GORGAS,
Who Has Been Offered \$50,000 to Direct the Sanitary Work
in Serbia, but Who Is Awaiting the Official Report of
the American Commission Before Accepting.

(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



AUSTRIAN RED CROSS NURSES AMONG THE DEAD AND WOUNDED ON A CARPATHIAN BATTLEFIELD.

(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)



THE BATTLEFIELD OF MLAWA IN POLAND.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



Russian Dead Left Behind in Evacuated Trenches in the Carpathians.



Austrians Removing Their Wounded in Bukowina.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

How Men Die in War

SPECTS of death as the effect of violence have long been the conscientious study of painters, actors, novelists, and psychologists. Vereshchagin, the Russian military painter, who tried to depict the horrors of war, and Novelli, the Italian tragedian, who is noted for his harrowing death scenes, both got their knowledge of the phenomenon at first hand. Both have confessed, however, that death on the battlefield was a rather commonplace affair with nothing particularly dramatic about it. Indeed, the later paintings of the Russian show that he had entirely given up trying to picture the thing itself but sought in every way to suggest it by showing the field before or after the conflict, but not the conflict itself.

Letters sent home from the front during the opening days of the war usually treated of death as we find it in novels—even to the "soldiers' farewell words," the locket to be given to the dear one at home, and the final "death rattle" which some physicians will tell you never happens. But as time went on these dramatic or pathetic details apparently lost their attraction for the survivors whose duty it was to produce similar effects on the enemy.

Then came a period of descriptions which, like the paintings of Vereshchagin, told of the circumstances which led up to the catastrophe or those which followed it, while the catastrophe itself was treated of incidentally and as briefly as possible, as these extracts from soldiers' letters will show:

"I expect I killed a few. I saw their bodies lying where I had fired when we rushed the trench."

"I made up my mind that I should be potted—the bullets were hitting all around me. Of course we lost a few men, but we got there, which was something, and our men were awfully brave."

"In the afternoon a 'Jack' (German shrapnel shell) just missed the corner of the house by inches and burst 10 yards from us. A 'Tommy' in the road got his. We fixed him up and, when the ambulance came, put him aboard; but he couldn't have lasted long."

"I found poor old ——, our adjutant, had been killed; ——, a major, and our doctor wounded. The Germans attempted a counter-attack while I was up, but we pushed them back very easily, chiefly by our machine guns, which laid them out in scores. I brought back poor ——'s effects."

"Everybody but me seemed to be hit. I was filled with an intense curiosity as to where I should be hit and what it would feel like. I felt two sharp tugs at my coat skirts, and a second later a crash and a heavy thud on my right side. 'I'm hit,' I thought, and staggered the last five yards and threw myself down before the bank. I looked to my right—gone, my platoon lieutenant, sergeant, corporal—just an odd man here and there left. On the left, the same fate. Behind the most awful shrieks and groans. Then I got up somehow and we went on. We took 40 odd prisoners in the four trenches, and within five minutes they were marched off with an escort of only two men. Their bayonets were red like mine, and this was enough. How I got stuck you already know. When I came out of the supports I went into hospital with seven more, leaving the company 18 strong."

One officer who shows an unmistakable gift for observation and the genius to portray results through the pen leads up to a really remarkable description of a funeral with these words: "One of our men had got a bullet through his head, so we brought him in at seven and at about half-past seven our pioneers laid him in a grave that had been dug in the morning. Our Padre read the Burial Service."

It would thus seem that the war has reached that stage when death, because of its frequent occurrence has ceased to impress intimate observers. So if painters, actors, novelists, and psychologists desire to know how men die they must wait for the soldier to relate in retrospect what he has so curiously omitted from the accounts of the combats in which he is now engaged. But it is doubtful whether such memoirs will greatly increase our present knowledge of the phenomenon of death.

THE OCCUPATION OF NEUVE CHAPPELLE BY THE BRITISH



FARM HOUSES AT NEUVE CHAPPELLE IN FLAMES IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BRITISH ADVANCE.
(Photos © by International News Service.)



Another Striking Photograph Taken Immediately After the British Occupation of the Town.



The Burning Ruins of Dwellings That Were Totally Destroyed by Bombardment and Fire.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



THE KAISER SIZING UP A CAPTURED SIBERIAN RIFLEMAN DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE EASTERN LINES.

(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)



A SEARCHLIGHT USED FOR DAYLIGHT SIGNALING BY THE NEW BELGIAN ARMY.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



AUSTRALIANS IN EGYPT LOADING AN AMMUNITION TRAIN.

(Photo © by International News Service.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



A FRENCH CHORUS SINGING "LA JOFFRETTE," THE NEW FRENCH MARCHING SONG.

(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)

SIR ARCHIBALD WOOLF MURRAY REVIEWING THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BRIGADE ON EPSOM DOWNS

(Photo © by International News Service.)

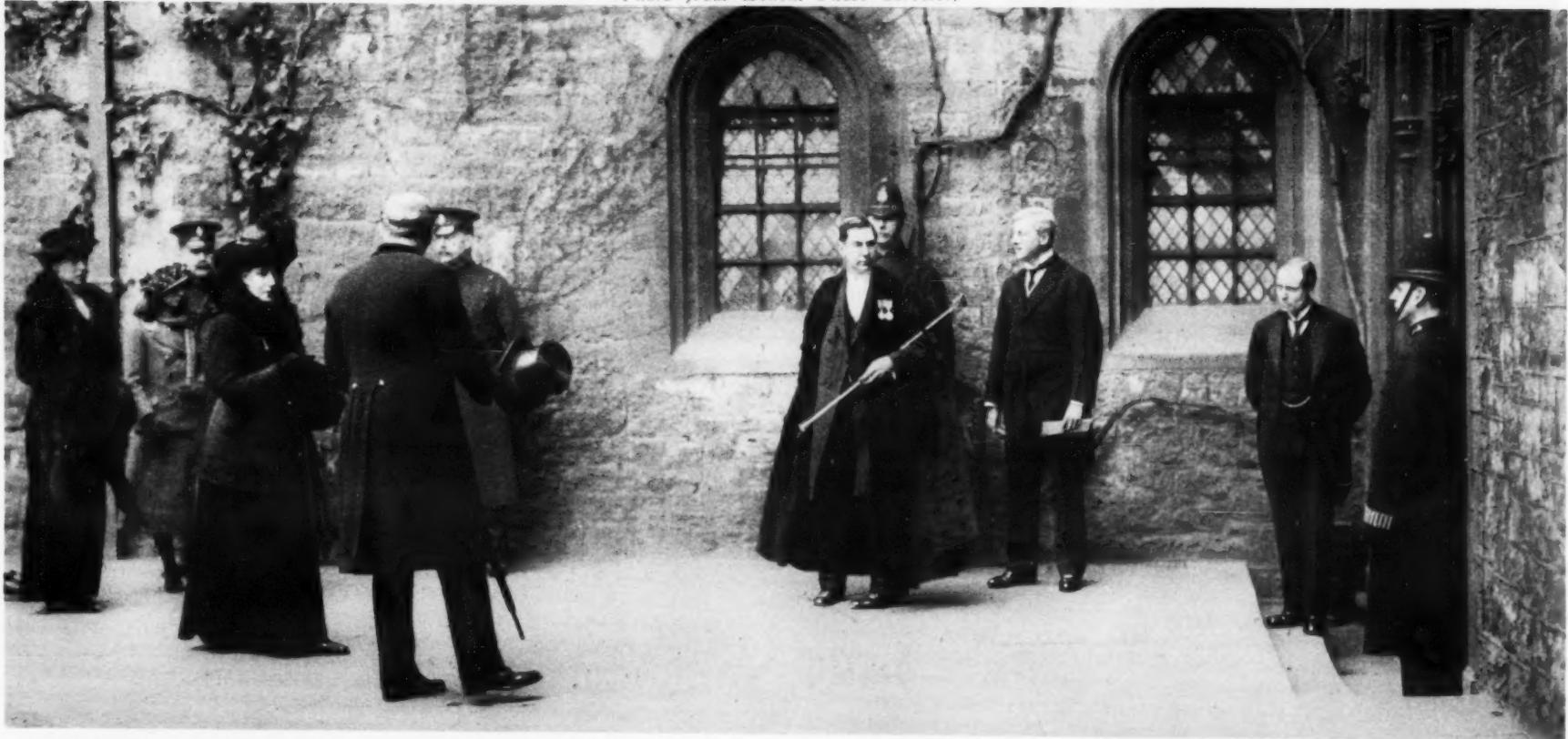
A Detachment of the Freshly Recruited Belgian Cavalry Passing Along the Banks of the Yser.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING IN A VILLAGE BEHIND THE FRENCH LINES.

(Photo from Medem Photo Service.)

QUEEN ALEXANDRA ATTENDING A RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(Photo © by International News Service.)

Brigadier General Briscoe (X), in Command of the British Cavalry Brigade in Egypt, with the Members of His Staff.

(Photo from Brown Brothers.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT



ENGLISH PRISONERS HARD AT WORK IN A DETENTION CAMP IN GERMANY.

(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)



British Indian Sepoys Rescuing a Wounded German Under Fire in Northern France.

(Photo © by International News Service.)



A Bicycle Corps of the Freshly Recruited Belgian Reinforcements Reviewed by Major Michoix, the Congo Explorer.

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

ARTISTS AT THE FRONT AND—REAR



The German Painter, E. Hartwigs, at Work in His War Studio in France.

(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)

WHILE the British and French official "eyewitnesses" are leaving upon record a careful and by no means spiritless history of the war, the German artist at the front is making a pictorial record. The German General Staff offers every facility to the artist-soldier to work at his vocation while on active service, and, if his stay be long at a given place, he is sure to have a studio where he can develop the rough sketches he made elsewhere. The finished pictures now appearing in German magazines form a curious contrast to the drawings produced in the French and English illustrated periodicals from a similar source.

There is another type of English pictures which is quite as complete as the German, only it was neither conceived nor executed amid the whistle of bullets, the screech of shells, or the moans of the dying, but in the quietude of a London studio where the only evidences of war are a heap of uniforms for models or the strains of a passing military band in the street below.

In these surroundings English artists, who for various reasons have not volunteered, are toiling early and late over canvases the sale of which will go to fill the coffers of the organizations which care for the men who are doing the fighting.

The war, curious as it may seem, has created a great art boom in London. First, there were the loan exhibitions of rare and old paintings, some never before shown to the public; then the artists cleared out their studios and placed on sale their forgotten masterpieces; and finally new masterpieces were created to appeal to the present martial taste in such things. All these shows and sales have been for the benefit of some military fund, and the vogue has from time to time received a fresh impetus by the exhibit or sale of the effects of some artist who has actually died for his country.

Among the artist organizations which have taken the matter up is the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, the work of whose members is periodically auctioned off by Messrs. Christie, the great art dealers, free of charge.

Meanwhile, we hear of civil artists who enjoy unusual privileges at the front of all the great armies; but they complain, as do their military confreres, that the authorities will not permit them to use that great auxiliary to modern art, the camera. All the same, the product of hitherto unknown Leightons, Meissoniers, Menzels, and Vereschagins is certain to be immense.



SIR GEORGE HARE PAINTING A MARTIAL PORTRAIT OF HIS SON.



The Popular English Artist, HAL HURST, at Work on "The Hero."



SAUNDERSON WELLS Abandons Sporting Pictures for "War Stuff."



FRED ROE CATCHES THE WAR FEVER IN "THE FOSTER PARENT."

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

FIGHTING WINTER BATTLES IN THE SNOW

AMONG the foreign auxiliaries to warfare adopted by the Germans and Austrians in their respective operations at high altitudes in the Vosges and the Carpathians has been the ski. Like their other adoptions, however, the ski has been modified to meet particular needs—the runners are longer and broader and may be locked together, forming the skeleton of a teepee which, covered by the long coats of the men, offers adequate shelter, and the coats themselves, made of white wool with Esquimaux hoods, are to the surrounding snows what khaki uniforms are to the brown and gray lowlands.

Before the war the only nations using the ski as a part of the equipment of an organized body were the Norwegians, the Swiss, the French, and the Italians. There is in the Northern Museum at Stockholm a carved stone showing a warrior on skis which is said to date from the tenth century,

while the "Almanac de Gotha" of 1799 relates that the Swedish Ski Corps, or *Skietober-Corps*, consisted of 960 men organized in two battalions. These men shod with skis were armed with a musket and an iron-shod staff 13 feet long. The same authority comments enthusiastically on the ski for military use, since "men so shod are difficult to hit and may easily escape when met by a larger force."

The use of the ski in the Swiss militia and the French *Chasseurs Alpins* has developed wonderfully since ski-running became a fashionable sport at European Winter resorts. In 1904 a military school for ski runners was established at Briancon. There the *Chasseurs Alpins*, together with the troops destined for operations in the Vosges, receive their training.

In Italy ski-runners are not separately organized. A few runners to be used as scouts or messengers are attached to each company of the

Cacciatori Alpini, or Alpine Rangers, but all the men are trained to use the ski in case of emergency, and every Winter the training goes on in the highlands of Piedmont. Here the tactics of the ski are said to have reached their greatest perfection. To each of the 128 companies of *Cacciatori Alpini* are attached four ski-runners; and two to each of the 32 mountain batteries.

The well-trained ski-runners of the French and Italian Alps are expected to cover 40 miles of hill country in a day—and that in marching order—which surpasses the achievements of snowshoe running in Canada. In the soft, drifting snows of mid-Winter the Indian implement is superior, but in the alternate thawing and freezing in early Spring the ski is unequalled.

Aside from their military use of the ski the Germans and Austrians have also organized ski Red Cross battalions with dogs to assist in finding the wounded.



THE NEW GERMAN SNOW BATTALION WITH THEIR PROTECTIVE WHITE UNIFORMS IN THE VOSGES.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



AUSTRIAN SHARPSHOOTER IN A TRENCH IN THE CARPATHIANS.



Austrians in Their Invisible White Cloaks in the Carpathian Snows.
Note the Well-hidden Head on the Extreme Left.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

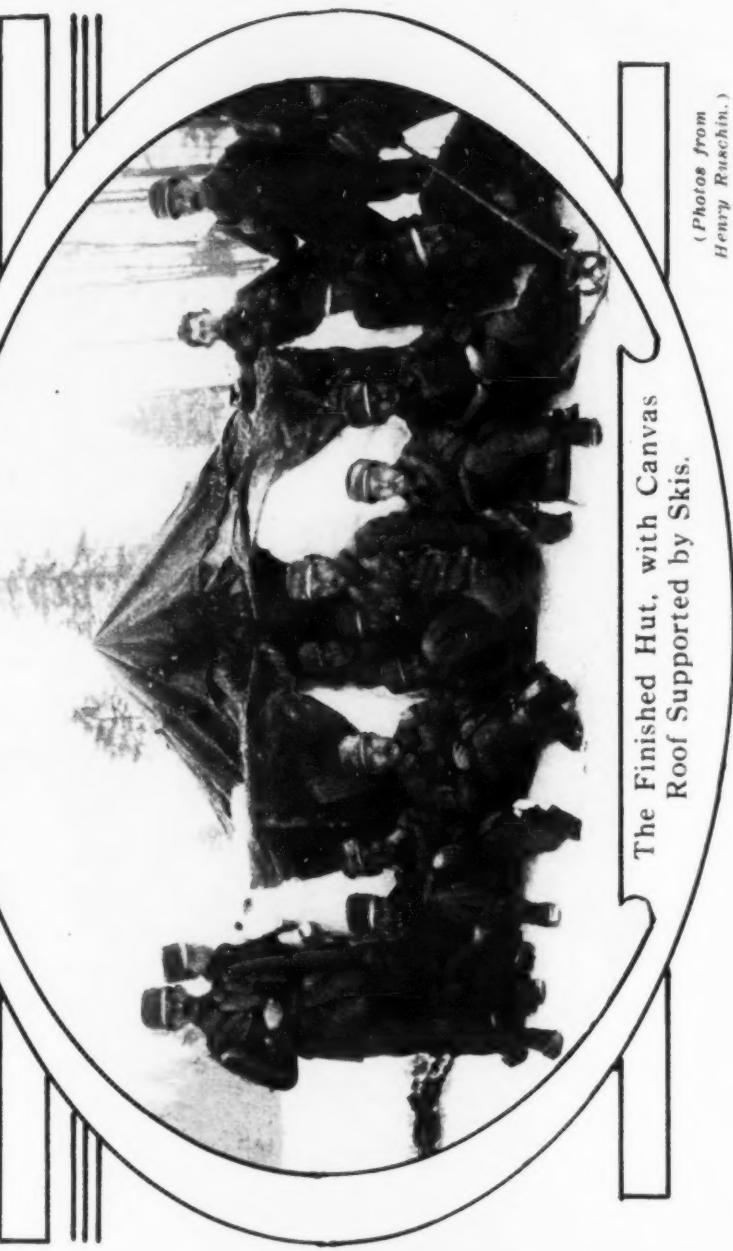


A COLUMN OF THE GERMAN SNOW BATTALION LEAVING THEIR QUARTERS.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)



Germans Building a Snow Hut in the Vosges.



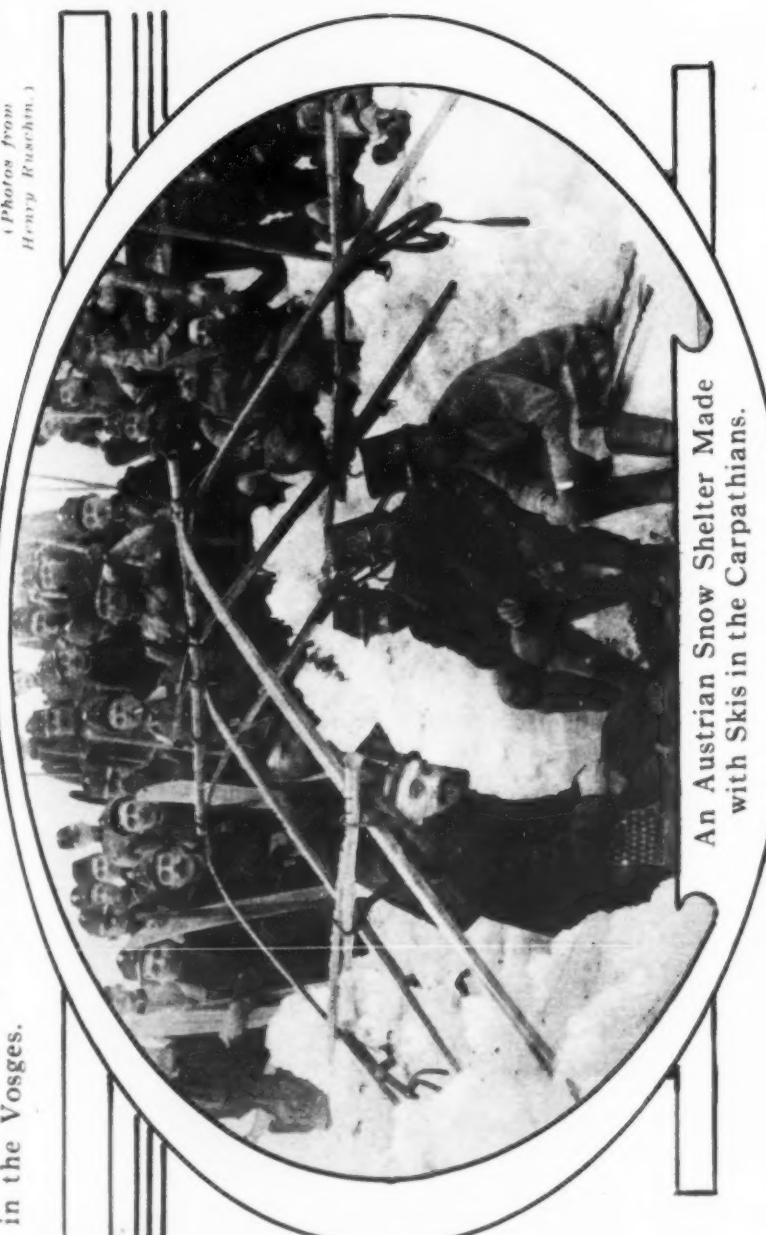
The Finished Hut, with Canvas Roof Supported by Skis.

(Photos from Henry Ruschin.)

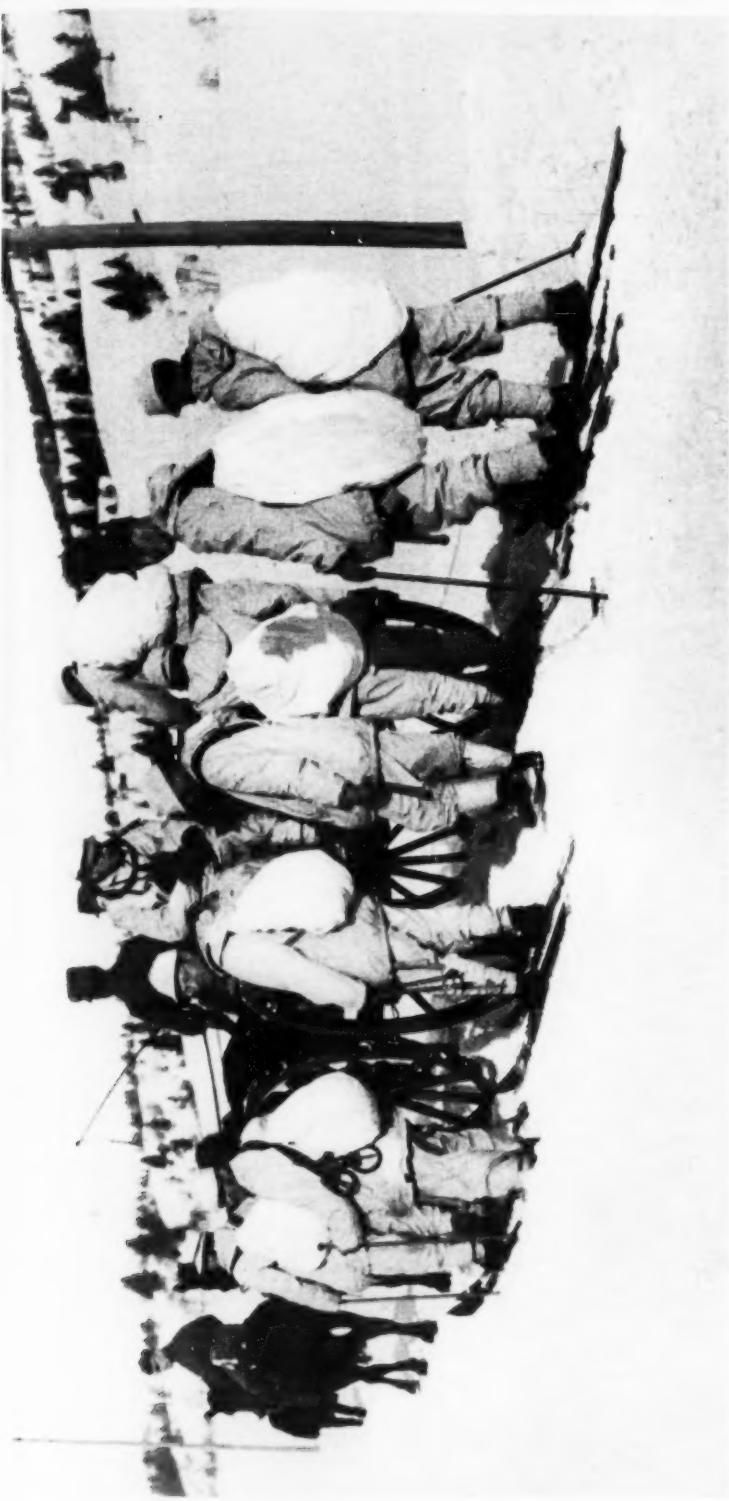
(Photos from Henry Ruschin.)

(Photos from Henry Ruschin.)

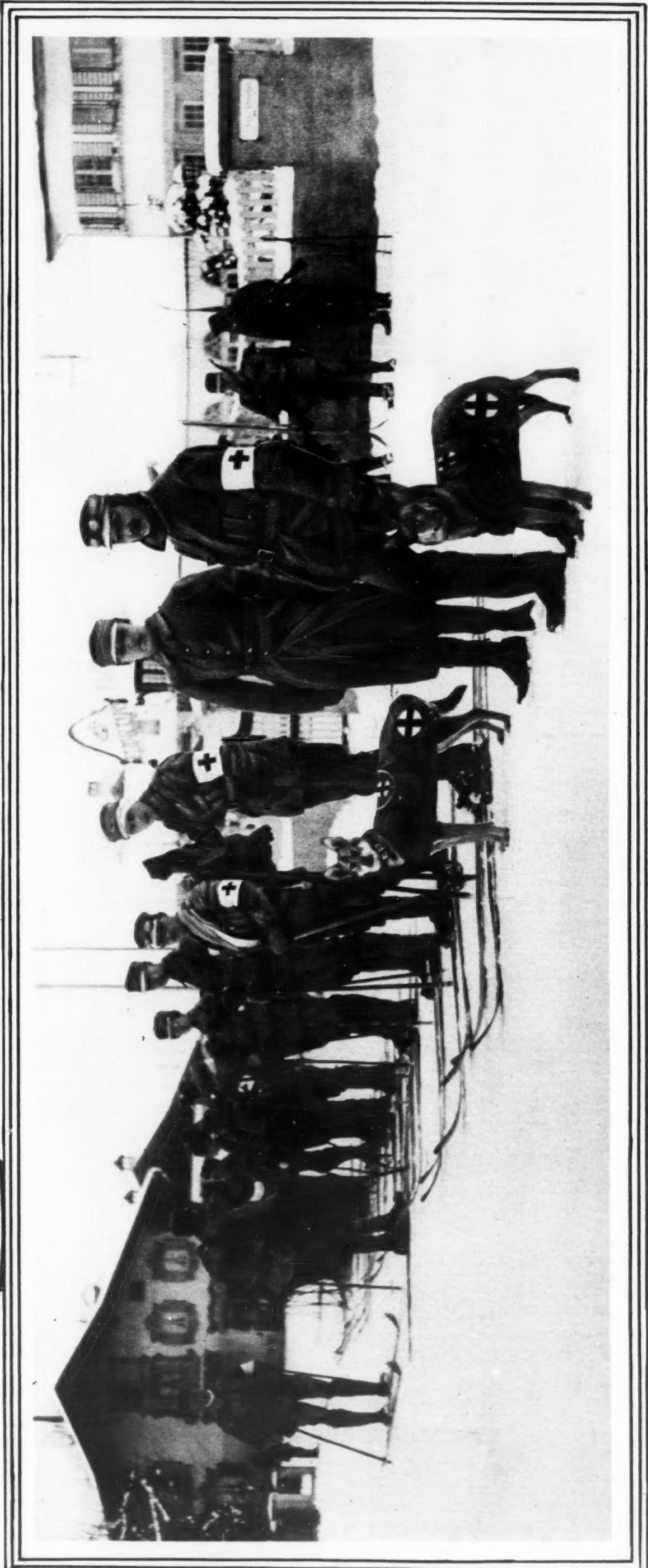
Germans Building a Snow Hut
in the Vosges.



An Austrian Snow Shelter Made
with Skis in the Carpathians.

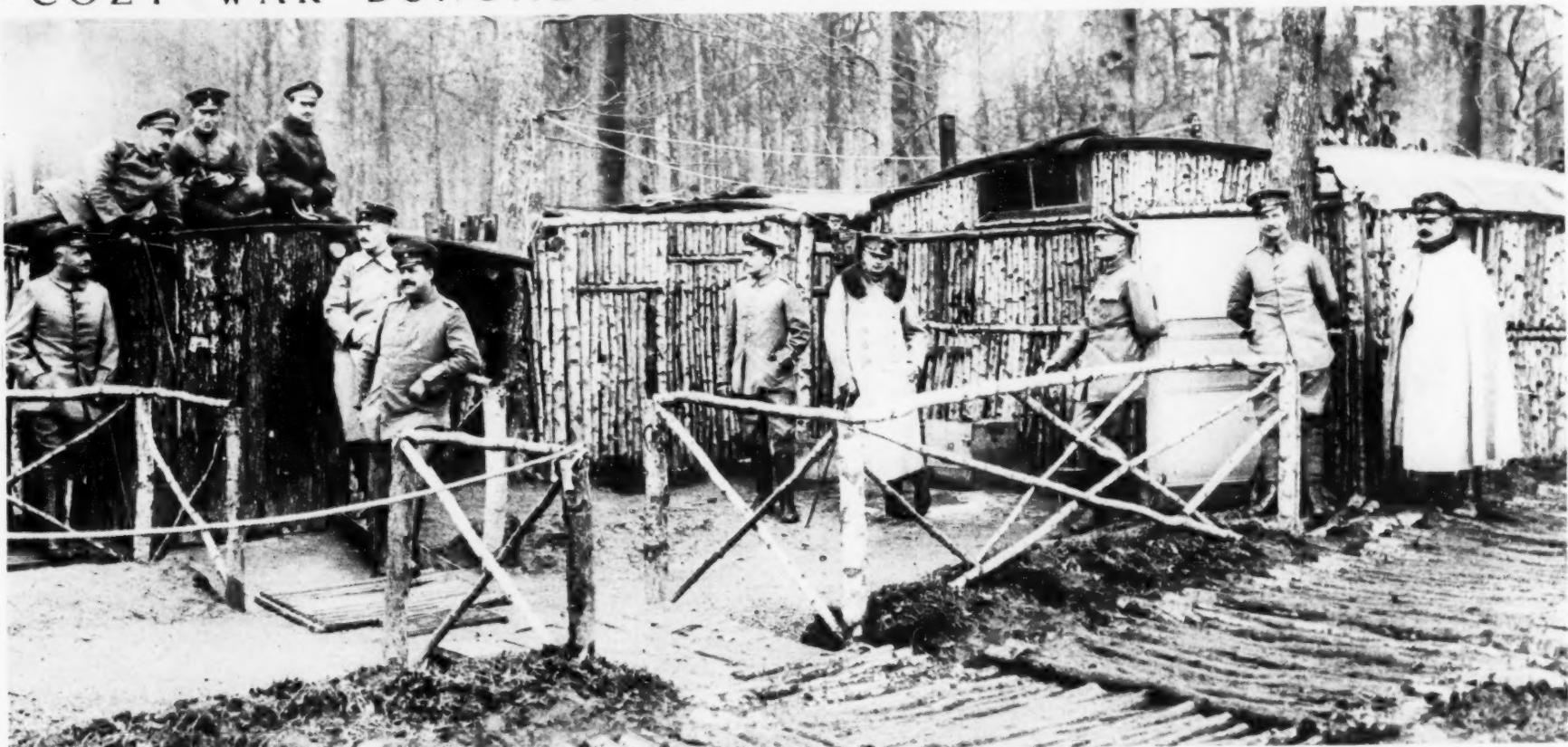


AN AUSTRIAN DETACHMENT ON SKIS.
(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)



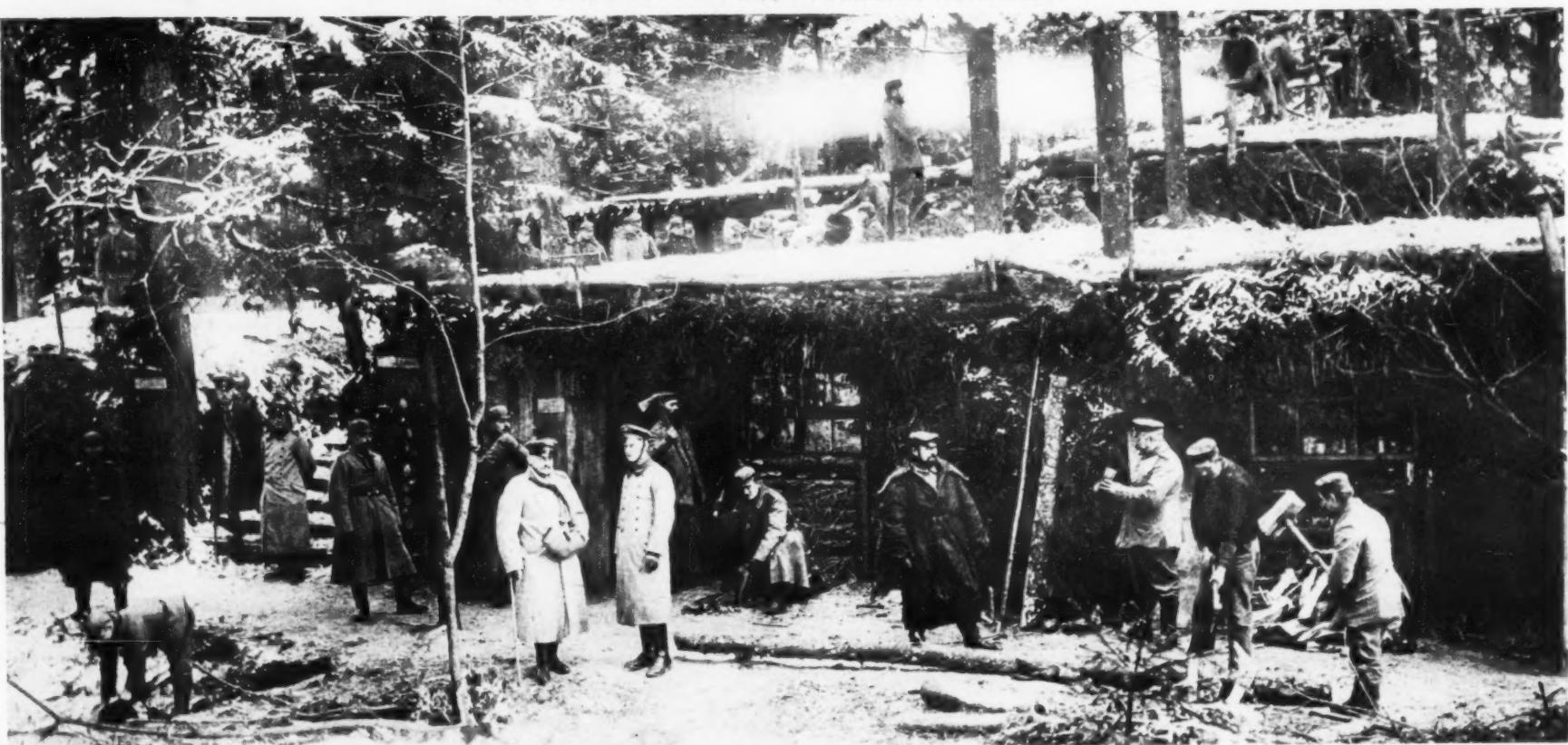
THE RED CROSS CORPS OF THE GERMAN SNOW BATTALION WITH THEIR TRAINED DOGS.

COZY WAR BUNGALOWS UNDER AND ABOVE GROUND



"UNTER DEN LINDEN," THE GERMAN OFFICERS' ROW IN THE ARGONNE FOREST.

(Photo © by Brown & Dawson, from Underwood & Underwood.)



PICTURESQUE TWO-STORY DWELLINGS OF THE GERMANS IN THE EAST.

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



SOLDIER ARCHITECTS WHOSE MOTTO IS "SAFETY FIRST."

(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)

THE WAR ORPHANS AND THE PRUSSIANIZATION OF FROEBEL

In the attempts to discover in the writings of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi the origins of Germany's military preparedness and animus there is one teacher who has been quite overlooked. And his influence must have been great, unless subsequently diverted, for it asserted itself upon the child as soon as it had left the cradle and began to organize and even to discipline the little one for its play. This man is Friedrich Froebel, who invented the institution which was to span the space between the cradle and the schoolroom and calls it *kindergarten*—the children's garden.

But Froebel, either through his personal experiences in the later Napoleonic campaigns or because of his religious convictions, abhorred war. He taught children kindness and gentleness toward one another and sympathy for the weak and afflicted. Nor did he have reason to love the Prussian State, because its *Cultus-Minister* had in 1851 denounced him as a weakening influence on youth and closed his children's gardens.

The war has brought many changes to the child life of the nations involved. The changes wrought in Belgium can be better imagined than described. A recent photograph in *L'Illustration* shows a group of Alsatian children romping with a French trooper who is teaching them the first words of their forgotten language. In France, as in England, children's aid societies have been organized for the care of thousands of children whose fathers have gone to the war and whose mothers must toil.

And, as might be supposed in a country so completely organized as Germany is in every department of public service, the care of her "military orphans" is not left to chance, but is the result of tireless care and planning that the greatest results may be achieved. But now Froebel, like everything else, has been Prussianized. The children no longer dance to and from their meals and play. They march in military fashion with paper "soldier caps" on their heads when the toy helmet is lacking. But the places where these soldier children are cared for are still called *kindergarten*, possibly in ironical tribute to the man who hated war, despised Prussianism, and strove to teach children the enduring greatness of love and harmony.



CARING FOR THE GERMAN SOLDIER'S LITTLE ONES WHILE HE IS AWAY AT THE FRONT.



THE WAR ORPHANS OF BERLIN AT THEIR MIDDAY MEAL.



DISTRIBUTING CAKES TO THE CHILDREN BEHIND THE BATTLE LINES OF AUSTRIA.
(Photos from Henry Ruschin.)

ORGANIZED RELIEF FOR THE HORSE IN THIS WAR



GERMAN VETERINARY SURGEON WITH ONE OF HIS WAR PATIENTS.

(Photos from Photothek.)

SCIENTIFIC checks on the wastage of war have been applied no more carefully in the present conflict than in the saving of horses, both as mounts and as draught animals. Although the motive is economic rather than benevolent the latter is usually an end also achieved. Just as it has been discovered that fully 80 per cent. of men recover from their wounds, so it has been learned that 50 per cent. of wounded and sick horses may be spared the butcher's knife.

Although at the beginning of the war the Cossacks were found to be able to preserve a large percentage of their wounded animals, their methods of treatment were crude and the care their horses received was individual rather than official. In Germany, France, and England, however, veterinary corps with horse ambulances have made great headway, and have given satisfactory results. Recently Lord Lonsdale completed an investigation of what was being done in veterinary work at the front. In his report he said—and the same may be repeated in regard to the work of the French *Croix Bleu* and the German *Horse Conservation Department*:

"I do not believe any branch of the army deserves more credit and shows more astonishing foresight than the Army Veterinary Corps and Remount Department.

"The operating theatres were arranged as perfectly as in London. There are, of course, many cases of suffering, but I did not observe one single instance of neglect. The kindest thing that could be done would be to contribute to provide more ambulances for the relief of horses going from the field and trains to hospitals. Such an organization as the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, working under the authorities and with the supervision of the Army Veterinary Corps, is most satisfactory, and a certain reliable relief for animal suffering."



Exercising the Convalescents at a Field Hospital of the German Horse Conservation Department.



LINED UP FOR THE DAILY DOSE OF MEDICINE.

THE RUINS OF RETHEL BEHIND THE GERMAN LINE NEAR RHEIMS



A CHURCH REMAINS UNHARMED BY THE HEAVY BOMBARDMENTS.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

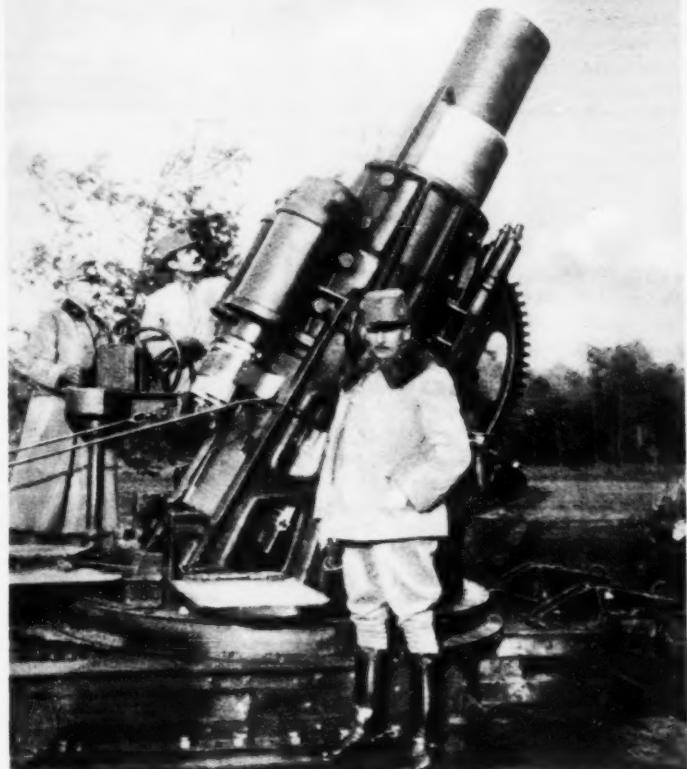


THE TERRIBLE HAVOC WROUGHT BY MODERN GUNS.



VISITING MEMBERS OF THE TURKISH RED CRESCENT INSPECTING THE RUINS OF RETHEL.

THE GREAT SKODA GUNS OF THE AUSTRIANS MORE EFFICIENT THAN THE KRUPPS

ONE OF THE SKODA 30.5 CM. MORTARS
IN ACTION IN GALICIAAn Austrian Trawler With Caterpillar Wheels for Hauling the
Big Guns and Their Ammunition.A SKODA GUN IN BELGIUM THAT HELPED TO REDUCE THE GREAT
FORTRESSES IN THE GERMANS' PATH.THE SKODA LIGHT ARTILLERY OPERATING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GALICIA.
(Photos from A. Wandmayer.)

A CHANGE IN MILITARY MORALE OBSERVED BY THE POLES



German Red Cross Caring for Wounded Russian Prisoners.

(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)



Austro-Hungarian Troops Occupying the Polish Town of Lodz.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)

SINCE the war began curious changes have been wrought in the morale of the armies which are now struggling for mastery in the Eastern Theatre. And these changes are now reflected in an American paper published in the Polish language, called the *Kuryer Polski*, which, eight months ago, almost regarded the German army as invincible, the Austrian as the coming savior of Poland, and the Russian as a band of simple peasants under bureaucratic taskmasters who knew nought of the cause for which they were fighting.

The change of attitude noted in the Polish paper has been brought about through hundreds of letters received from Poles in the field, and a bunch of these letters has just been published with an introduction by the editor.

"At the present time," he writes, "the letters of the inhabitants of war-stricken Poland, who are now better acquainted with the German army, leave upon the reader's mind the following picture:

"The German officer, usually a Prussian nobleman, a Junker, is as mean and cruel as ever—in times of peace a *Soldatenschinder*, in times of war a *Volksschinder*. In many cases a descendant of the *Raubritters*, or the *Landsknechts* organized from among the worst criminals of ancient Germany, he cannot help showing the inherited traits of his forefathers. In many instances advanced from the ranks of the common herd, he imitates the 'noble Junkers' in their arrogance and cruelty in order to show his superiority above the *Gemeines Volk*."

The German private is said to be not at all a bad fellow, and "there are tens of thousands of Poles from Posen, Silesia, and West Prussia in the ranks of the German army whose hearts bleed at the sight of the terrible state of their countrymen. They, of course, do their best to minimize the sufferings of the population."

As to the Austrians: "The Austrian army is likened to a disorganized mob, robbing, looting, destroying, massacring. Each commander is different, each soldier is different. While some behave well, others act like bandits—each mostly as he likes."

And finally the Russians: "According to our letters, the Russian generals and younger officers see to it that the soldiers' 'war privileges' are restricted to the utmost. Also, Ivan in the ranks is now absolutely divorced from his former best friend, the vodka. Therefore he is tame and good natured, unless very hungry. And seeing his officers behave like gentlemen toward non-combatants, he likes to please them by acting in the same way. Ivan always dislikes to displease his superiors."



RUTHENIAN SPIES AWAITING EXECUTION BY THEIR AUSTRIAN CAPTORS.

(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)

GERMANY'S MODEL WAR HOSPITAL AT HAMBURG



THE GREAT GERMAN HOSPITAL BUILT FOR THE WAR.
This Picture Shows Only a Few of the Buildings.



A Patient Resting Out of Doors
at the Hamburg Hospital.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

THE completeness of German organization for war has again been revealed by plans containing the last word in hospital construction which, made several years ago, had been carefully laid away to meet the inevitable emergency. When the war began Germany, aside from certain open-air establishments for the treatment of tuberculosis, could hardly have been considered to have a thoroughly up-to-date hospital service and equipment. The system while not so bad as that of France, many of whose hospitals were historic buildings—former convents, etc.—was still far behind the American ideal of a large number of small independent buildings erected in the suburbs amid plenty of land and fresh air.

A modern hospital plant with twenty or so one-story-and-a-half or two-story-and-a-half buildings of steel framed concrete, each independent as far as urgent medical and nursing supplies, cooking apparatus, and bedding are concerned but all depending on a central building for heat,

ing as well as for stores for convalescents with adjoining refectory and amphitheatre is not a cheap institution.

In Germany, as elsewhere, it has been the custom to improve the old four or five-story buildings by adding low wings to them or by erecting the approved smaller buildings on adjacent land when procurable. However, for Germany, at least, the war has changed all this, and under the military organization the plans which had long been laid away on account of economy are now produced under stress of necessity, so that at the end of the war there will scarcely be a city in the country which has not its model suburban hospital plant.

The first to be completed is just beyond the Barmbeck Gate of Hamburg, where a score of two-story-and-a-half buildings have been erected with verandas facing the south on the ground and first floors. The site is a plateau not unlike Columbia Heights and on one side overlooks the city and on the other one of the canals to the Auss-Alster, while beyond is Hinschenfelde.



The Czarina and Her Daughters at the Imperial Hospital for Wounded Officers at Tsarkoe-Selo. Left to Right—Grand Duchess Olga, the Czarina and Grand Duchess Titania.

(Photo © by American Press Assn.)

THE TEUTONIZED TURK AND HIS RED CRESCENT

A TRUSTWORTHY history of the Turkish Red Crescent Society, which is supposed to correspond to the Red Cross Societies of other nations, has yet to be written. Even the Turks themselves would hesitate to describe its functions, while its various ramifications with secret committees make it anything but a homogeneous organization. It used to be a saying of Abd-ul-Hamid when things went wrong in international diplomacy and neither the Grand Vizier nor his confidential agent, Izzet Pasha, could break the deadlock that existed between the Yildiz-Kiosk at Stamboul and the foreign embassies at Pera, just across the Golden Horn: "Now let us try the Red Crescent Society."

This, however, does not imply that the society in former wars did not do good work in caring for the Turkish wounded and in supplementing the work of the army surgeons; it is merely a tribute to its power which the Sultan knew, as everybody in Constantinople knew, had been greatly increased through the efforts of the wives of diplomats residing in the Turkish capital.

There are certain curious things about the Turkish Red Crescent Society aside from its varied organizations the explanation of which would make interesting reading. It is supposed to be merely a Moslem outgrowth of the International Red Cross Society which was established by M. Jean Henri Dunant at Geneva in 1863, and to whose rules forty-three nations, including Turkey, ultimately subscribed, and that for obvious reasons, in 1876, Turkey took the emblem of the crescent instead of the cross for her organization.

It is supposed that the Turks themselves adopted the emblem and made it national when they took Constantinople from the Byzantines in 1453. It was then a well-known Byzantine device, for Hesychius of Miletus relates that Byzantium, the ancient quarter of the city, was saved by the light of a crescent moon whose sudden appearance caused dogs to bark and thus alarm the garrison.

What has puzzled scholars, however, has been the fact that the crescent as an Osmanli emblem, together with the horse's tail, decorated the standards of the very Turks who captured Constantinople, and relics show that it was the corps device of the Janissaries of Sultan Orkham in the fourteenth century.

But a close examination of these relics reveals that what all along has been taken for a crescent is no crescent at all, but an amulet of similar shape formed by the base-to-base conjunction of two leopard claws. When a star, as in the emblem of certain secret societies, is hung from the joint or between the points of the amulet, the meaning is still more difficult to fathom.

It is still a matter of dispute, not settled even by the most trustworthy photographs, whether the emblem of the Turkish Red Crescent Society is the new moon revered by the Byzantines and apparently adopted as the national emblem of Turkey or the amulet worn by the Janissaries, who expected it to protect them from the weapons as well as from the machinations of their foes.



MEMBERS OF THE TURKISH RED CRESCENT ASSEMBLING AT HAIDES PASHA.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)



A MILITARY TRANSPORT WAGON DRAWN BY BUFFALOES.

(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)



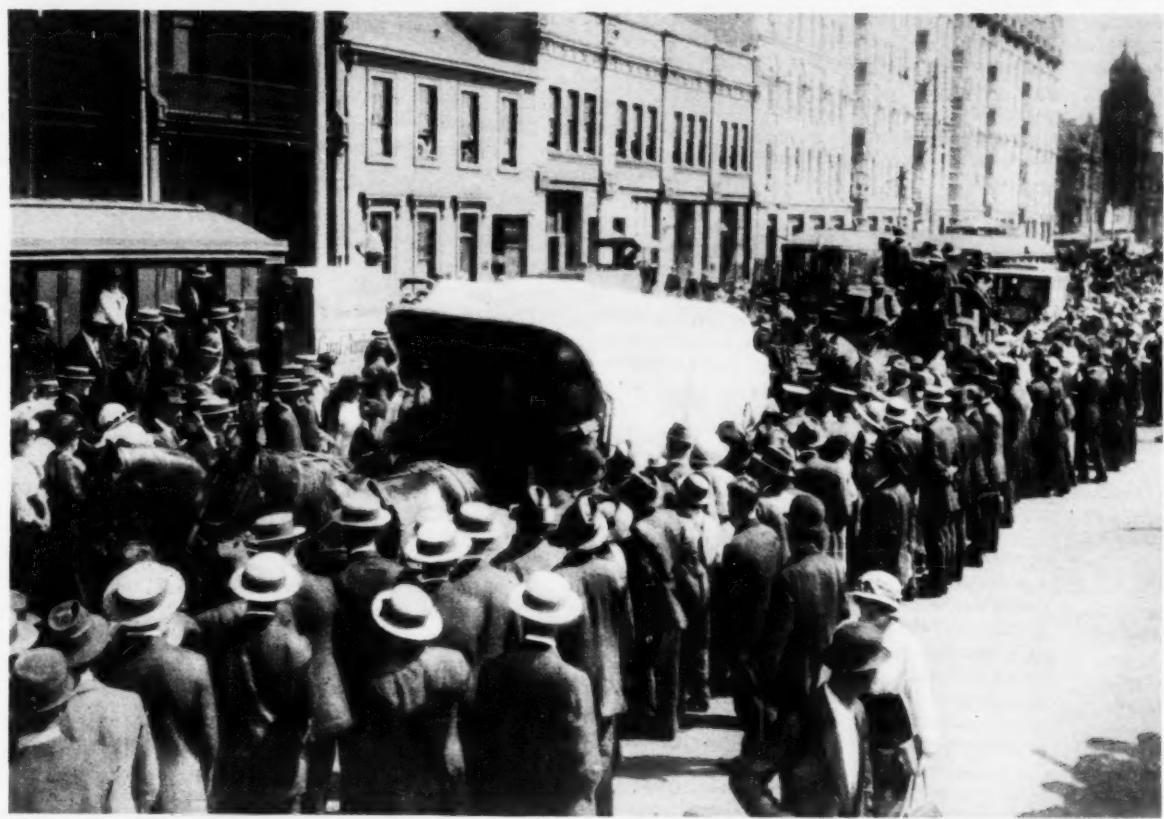
Ali Fuad Bey (Right) Addressing the 25th Infantry Division Near the Desert of Beeres. He Is Assisted by the Nadja (on White Horse.)

(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



HALIL BEY,
President of the Turkish Parliament,
in Berlin.

WHAT AUSTRALIA IS DOING FOR HER MOTHER COUNTRY



AUSTRALIAN TROOPS RETURNING TO SYDNEY AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL OCCUPATION OF THE GERMAN PACIFIC ISLANDS.



A SQUAD OF THE PROMISED 100,000 NOW DRILLING IN AUSTRALIA.

SAVE for the victory yet to be won over the Emden by the armored cruiser Sydney on Nov. 9, 1914, the return of the victorious expeditionary force from German New Guinea at the beginning of that month had removed the Commonwealth of Australia from the immediate field of combat. Her sailors had rid the South Pacific of the "German Alabama." Her soldiers had given the mother country 70,000 square miles of German Colonial territory. Henceforth she could observe the war at the safe distance of half the circumference of the globe.

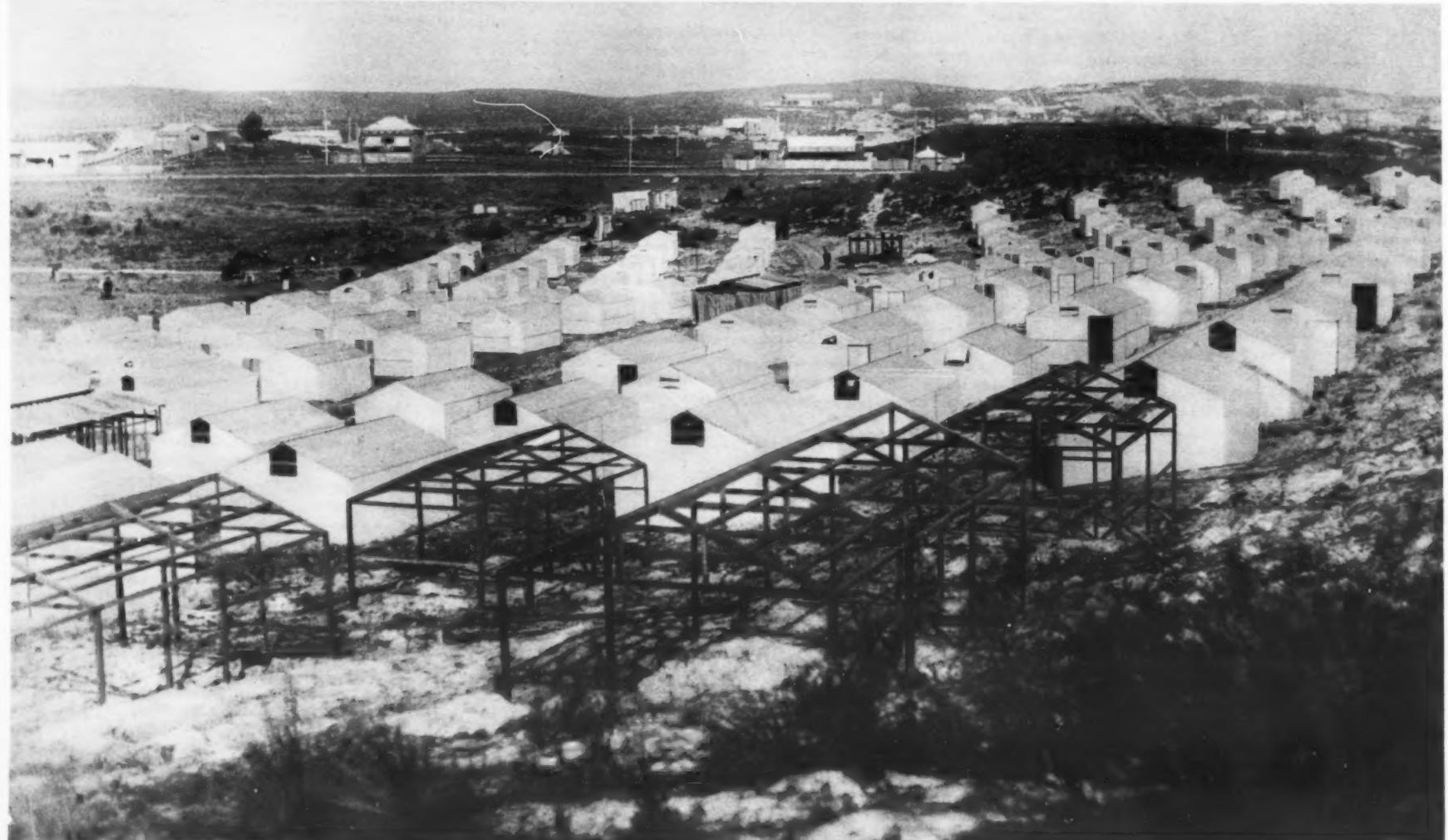
But her obligations to the mother country did not end with her November achievements. She felt that she still had a duty to perform. She had already sent 10,000 men for the defense of Egypt, and she at once began to recruit more men. She had also, since the war began, sent several ship-loads of products to England, including 15,000 horses, \$200,000 worth of wheat, \$300,000 worth of wool, and some \$1,500,000 in gold and silver bullion. But the future greatest needs of England would be for men and wheat.

The machinery and material for furnishing the first were already at hand. In January 1911 the new defense scheme recommended by Lord Kitchener, and later, in 1913, to be praised by General Sir Ian Hamilton, had gone into effect. This had imposed a system of compulsory training for the youth of the Commonwealth who would later be graduated into a citizens' army and auxiliary organizations such as rifle clubs.

When the war began 100,000 youths between the ages of 17 and 20 were undergoing compulsory training; the militia consisted of 50,000 men of all ranks; the rifle clubs had 75,000 registered members. Australia hopes to have sent to the west before the Spring campaign is well under way 100,000 well-trained men, who know how to sit in the saddle and shoot straight.

As to the wheat, the first war harvest is now being gathered, for it will be recalled that the Commonwealth lies south of the equator. This is furnishing employment for large numbers of the unemployed whom the early days of the war and the contraction of imports for manufacture threw out of work.

Over 100,000 acres of Crown land in the state of New South Wales were placed under cultivation, giving employment to 10,000 men who are housed in villages of house tents let to the occupants at a cost rent. The season's yield is estimated in this wheat growing section alone at from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 and for the whole Commonwealth a record total of 150,000,000 bushels, which will leave an exportable surplus of between seventy and ninety million.

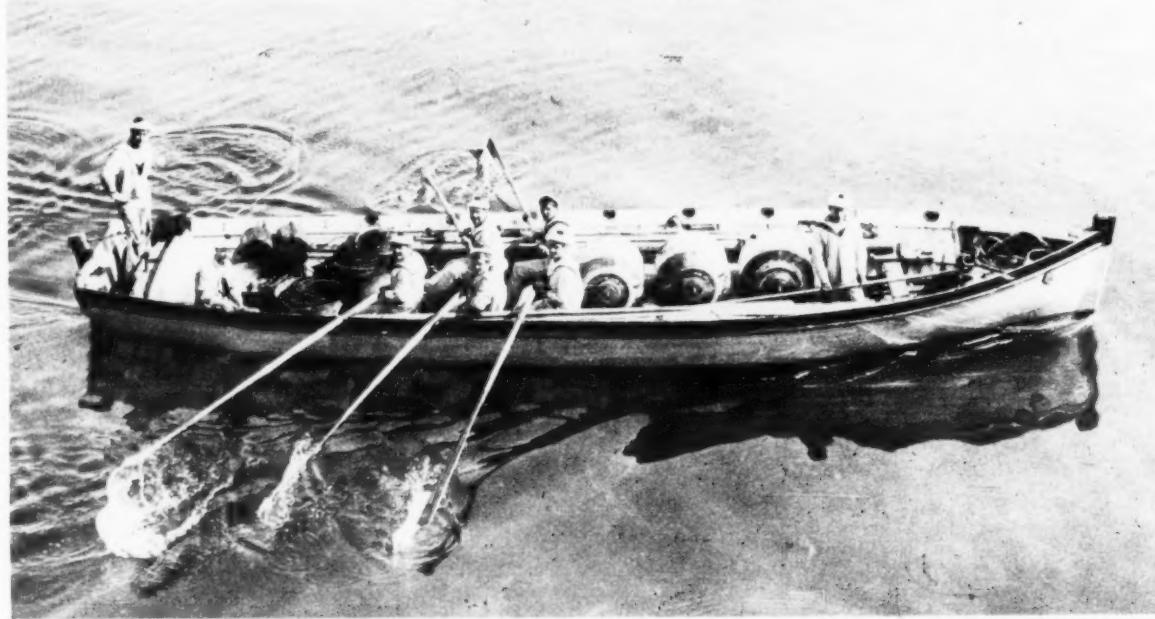


A Section of the "Calico City" Built by the New South Wales Government to House the Unemployed.
(Photos from Doubleday, Page & Co.)



TWO FRENCH WARSHIPS IN ACTION AT THE DARDANELLES.

(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)



FRENCH SAILORS GATHERING MINES IN THE DARDANELLES.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



Russian Troops Preparing Grain on a Native Horse-power Mill.

(Photo © by International News Service.)



German Recruits Saying "Good-bye" to Their Families in Berlin.

(Photo from Henry Ruschin.)

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THE BISHOP OF LONDON, IN UNIFORM,
LEAVING THE VICTORIA STATION ON HIS WAY TO VISIT THE TROOPS IN FLANDERS.
HE IS ESCORTED BY THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)